The Royal FUNERAL:

OR, THE

Mourning State and Solemnity

OF THE

FUNERAL

OF

MARY, Queen of *ENGLAND*, &c.

Who was Intered at *Westminster*, on the Fifth of *March*, 1695.

To the Tune of, *Hopes Farewel*, &c. *Licens'd and Entr'd according to Order.*

HEre I write a sorrowful Ditty,
for all the Protestant Nation to read,
Which must needs be moved with Pity,
for e'ry Heart has just reason to bleed;
Death's cruel Spleen, assaulted the Queen,
When she in the hight of her Glory was seen;
Septer and Ball, Crown, Throne and all,
She now has forsaken, behold her Funeral!

Lords, and likewise Ladies of Honour,
while Queen *Mary* she was lying in State,
In their Mourning they waited upon Her,
their Grief and Sorrow no Tongue can relate;
Death's cruel Dart, hath pierced the Heart
Of our Royal Queen *Mary*, and forc'd her to part,
With Crown and Ball, Throne, Septer and all,
Let Protestant Subjects behold her Funeral!

On the Twentieth Eight of *December*
our most Religious Queen *Mary* she dy'd,
At which time the Church a dear Member
did lose, for which we in Grief do abide;
The Courtly Train, do weep and complain,
For to see the last Period of her Royal Reign;
Septer and Ball, Throne, Crown and all,
Queen Mary *hath left, for behold her Funeral!*

Mourn ye Sons and Daughters of *Sion*,
O mourn in Sable and sorrowful Tears,
Good Queen *Mary* whom we did relye on,
is match'd from us in the prime of her Years:
Many a Day in State she lay,
From whence they convey'd her to Lodgins of Clay:
Septer and Ball, Throne, Crown and all,
Queen Mary *hath left, for behold her Funeral!*

Now that Sweet and Heavenly Creature
lyes close confin'd in a Coffing of Lead;
Death's sharp Arrows severely did treate her,
without respect to a Queen's Crowned Head;
Both High and Low must suffer the Blow,
For Death in full power no Pity will show:
Septer and Ball, Throne Crown and all,
Queen Mary *hath left, for behold her Funeral!*

This Good Queen her Mercies extended
to all her Subjects of e'ry Degree,
So that when her Days they were Ended,
no Queen was e'er so Lamented as She;
Both Rich and Poor, the Nation all o'er,
Did weep, but no Sorrow her Life could restore:
Septer and Ball, Throne Crown and all,
Queen Mary *hath left, for behold her Funeral!*

Now the Abby is shadow'd with Mourning,
and with the darkest of Sable all round;
See how Things are changing and turning,
for there Queen *Mary* in Triumph was Crown'd;
Now in the room of pleasant Perfume,
She lies close confin'd in a cold silent Tomb:
Septer and Ball, Throne, Crown and all,
Queen Mary *hath left, for behold her Funeral!*

World thy chiefest Honours are flying,
there's nothing lasting amongst us we find;
Crowned Heads are subject to Dying,
they leave their Trophies of Honour behind;
Flourish they may, yet Time will decay,
And blast Earthly Glory, tho' never so gay:
Septer and Ball, Throne. Crown and all,
Queen Mary *hath left, for behold her Funeral!*

London: Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the Angel in *Guilt-spur street*, without *Newgate*.

The Royal FUNERAL:

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OF

MARY, Queen of *ENGLAND*, &c.

Who was Intered at *Weſtminſter*, on the Fifth of *March*, 1695.

To the Tune of, *Hopes Farewel*, &c.

Licens'd and Entr'd according to Order.

HEre I write a ſorrowful Ditty,
for all the Proteſtant Nation to read,
Which muſt needs be moved with Pity,
for e'ry Heart has juſt reaſon to bleed;
Death's cruel Spleen, aſſaulted the Queen,
When ſhe in the hight of her Glory was ſeen;
Septer and Ball, Crown, Throne and all,
She now has forſaken, behold her Funeral!

Lords, and likewiſe Ladies of Honour,
while Queen *Mary* ſhe was lying in State,
In their Mourning they waited upon Her,
their Grief and Sorrow no Tongue can relate;
Death's cruel Dart, hath pierced the Heart
Of our Royal Queen *Mary*, and forc'd her to part,
With Crown and Ball, Throne, Septer and all,
Let Proteſtant Subjects behold her Funeral!

On the Twentieth Eight of *December*
our moſt Religious Queen *Mary* ſhe dy'd,
At which time the Church a dear Member
did loſe, for which we in Grief do abide;
The Courtly Train, do weep and complain,
For to ſee the laſt Period of her Royal Reign;
Septer and Ball, Throne, Crown and all,
Queen Mary *hath left, for behold her Funeral!*

Mourn ye Sons and Daughters of *Sion*,
O mourn in Sable and ſorrowful Tears,
Good Queen *Mary* whom we did relye on,
is match'd from us in the prime of her Years:
Many a Day in State ſhe lay,
From whence they convey'd her to Lodgins of Clay:
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Now that Sweet and Heaverly Creature
lyes cloſe confin'd in a Coffing of Lead;
Death's ſharp Arrows ſeverely did treate her,
without reſpect to a Queen's Crowned Head;
Both High and Low muſt ſuffer the Blow,
For Death in full power no Pity will ſhow:
Septer and Ball, Throne Crown and all,
Queen Mary *hath left, for behold her Funeral!*

This Good Queen her Mercies extended
to all her Subjects of e'ry Degree,
So that when her Days they were Ended,
no Queen was e'er ſo Lamented as She;
Both Rich and Poor, the Nation all o'er,
Did weep, but no Sorrow her Life could reſtore:
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See how Things are changing and turning,
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Now in the room of pleaſant Perfume,
She lies cloſe confin'd in a cold ſilent Tomb:
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World thy chiefeſt Honours are flying,
there's nothing laſting amongſt us we find;
Crowned Heads are ſubject to Dying,
they leave their Trophies of Honour behind;
Flouriſh they may, yet Time will decay,
And blaſt Earthly Glory, tho' never ſo gay:
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6. March. 169⅘

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